Witneſſe the proceſſe of your ſpeech: wherein
You told how *Diomed* a whole weeke by daies,
Did haunt you in the fie'd.
*Æne.* Health to you valiant ſir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can thinke or courage execute.
*Diom.* The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme, and ſo long helth:
Lul'd when contention, and occaſion meete,
By *Ioue* ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuite, and pollicy.
*Æne.* And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will flie,
With his face back-ward, in humane gentleneſſe:
Welcome to Troy, now by *Anchiſes* life,
Welcome indeed: by *Venus* hand I ſwere:
No man aliue can loue in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.
*Diom.* We ſimpathize. *Ioue* let *Æneas* liue
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleate courſes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him die:
With euery ioynt a wound and that to morrow-----
*Æne.* We know each other well?
*Diom.* We do and long to know each other worſe.
*Par.* This is the moſt deſpightfull gentle greeting,
The nobleſt hatefull loue that ere I heard of, what buſineſſe
Lord ſo earely?
*Æne.* I was ſent for to the King? but why I know not.
*Par.* His purpoſe meetes you? 'twas to bring this Greeke,
To *Calcho's* houſe, and there to render him:
For the enfreed *Anthenor* the faire *Creſſid*,
Lets haue your company, or if you pleaſe,
Haſt there before vs. I conſtantly beleeue,
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night,
Rouſe him and giue him note of our approch,
With the whole quality wherefore:

I feare



I feare we ſhall be mu
*Æneas.* That I aſſu
borne to Greece, then
*Paris.* There is no
The bitter diſpoſition
On Lord, weele follo
*Æneas.* Good mo
*Paris.* And tell me
Euen in ſoule of foun
Who in your thought
My ſelfe, or *Menelau*
*Diom.* Both alike.
Hee merits well to ha
Not making any ſcrup
With ſuch a hell of pa
And you as well to k
Not pallating the taſt
With ſuch a coſtly loſ
He like a puling Cuck
The lees and dregs of
You like a letcher ou
Are pleaſd to breed
Both merits poyzd, ea
But he as he, the hea
*Paris.* You are too
*Diom.* Shees bitte
For euery falſe drop i
A Grecians life hath
Of her contaminated
A Troyan hath beene
Shee hath not giuen
As for her Greekes a
*Paris.* Faire *Diome*
Diſpraiſe the thing th
But we in ſilence hol
Weele not commen
our way. *Exeunt.*
*Troy.* Deere, troub